

MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL MAGAZINE

A M E R I C A N

MORAL & SENTIMENTAL MAGAZINE

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GOD's revenge against MURDER and ADULTERY.

[Continued from page 613.]

THE Baron, on receipt of her letter, answers her respectfully that he had before proposed to visit Paris, and on this occasion would hasten his journey.

Mermanda receives his letter joyfully; but her's to the Baron produces effects contrary to her hopes: for Grand-Pre hearing of Betanford's sudden departure for Paris, suspects a plot between him and his wife, and so is confirmed in his former opinion of her disloyalty. Mermanda endeavours to conceal her grief as much as possible; but her wan cheeks and discontented looks, the outward heralds of her inward afflictions, visibly speak her sentiments.

Grand-Mont and his wife, though they see this alteration in their beloved daughter-in-law, yet they are utterly ignorant of the difference between their son Grand-Pre and her. But Haute felia having her spies in every corner of their house, is punctually informed of all these passages, whereat she exceedingly rejoices.

All

All this while Grand-Pre's breast is boiling with implacable rage, he pretends business at Chalons, and so taking a chice horse, one page, and two lackies, he quits home, passing by indirect ways, first to Troy, and thence (to Brie-Count-Robert, a day's journey from Paris) where, he writes a challenge, and delivers it to his page, ordering him, at day-break, to post away for Paris, to the crown of France, in St. Honore street, to deliver that letter to Baron Betanford, and return the same night with the Baron's answer.

The page executes his master's orders, and Betanford on opening Grand-Pre's billet, finds the following words:

"You need no witness but yourself to inform you in how high a nature you have wronged me: herein your false glory has made my real shame so apparent, that I had rather die than live to digest it. I can sooner forget all other offences than pardon this. Think it not then strange, that I require you to meet me next Thursday morning, between five and six, with your rapier only, either on horseback or on foot, at Cendrecy, half a league from Brie-Count-Robert, where the bearer hereof shall expect you, safely to conduct you to a fair meadow, where I will attend you with my Surgeon, but no Second. To be plain with you your life or mine must decide this matter.

GRAND-PRE.

So far was the Baron from shewing any sign of fear, at reading this, that he took the page aside and said, "Tell thy master, I will not fail meeting him, on horseback, without a Second, at the place and hour specified." Early on the morrow, being Wednesday, he sends away a fine horse, which his groom leads, and

about

about ten, with only his Surgeon and page, takes coach and arrives that evening at Carency.

Next morning at the time appointed, Grand-Pre hastes away to the field; attended only by a Surgeon. Soon after comes the Baron, attended by his Surgeon only, having left his coach, page and groom a furlong off, with a positive command not to stir till they heard from him.

They enter the field with a soft trot, having each his adversary in front, and when about eighty paces distant they clap spurs to their steeds, and part like two flashes of lightning. At this first meeting, Grand-Pre runs Betanford through the left shoulder, and himself receives only a slight thrust, close under the right eye: being excellent horsemen, they turn short, and again fall to it; in which encounter Betanford receives a wide gash on the brawn of his right arm, and Grand-Pre a thrust in his left side, which must infallibly have ended the dispute with his life, had not the rapier glanced out of his rib: and now by consent they retire in order to breathe a little. They again come thundering on when Betanford runs Grand-Pre through the neck, and is himself run through the small of his right arm, which wound, coming among the sinews and arteries, made him drop his sword.

Grand-Pre cries out, "Courage Baron; for I will rather die than wound a man unarmed." At the same time he calls out to his own Surgeon, to deliver the Baron his sword. Betanford returns thanks for this courtesy, which he vows not to forget.

Betanford has already received seven wounds, but has given ten to his antagonist.

Again

Again the combatants divide, and with fresh vigour pread on their foaming horses; but this encounter proves more favorable to Betanford, than to his challenger; for, as Grand-Pre makes a desperate thrust at him, which passed under the right arm, Betanford runs Grand-Pre through the belly into his reins, with which he is brought to the ground speechless and to all appearance, just ready to bid the world adieu.

Betanford, not doubting but that his gallant enemy's course was near finished, alight; and, runs with open arms to his assistance, in requital of his former courtesy in returning his sword. Nay, he seems to be more solicitous for the welfare of his antagonist, than for his own, sending away with all speed, his Surgeon for his coach, raising up the half-expiring Grand-Pre, binding his wounds in the the best manner he was able. The coach being come, he helps to lay him in as gently as possible, and mounting it, with the two Surgeons, the pages and lackies attending, drives away to the nearest farm-house, where he most earnestly requests the artists to use their utmost skill upon Grand-Pre, before he would suffer them to examine his own hurts. They both concur in opinion, that his last wound is mortal; when Betanford still like himself, vows not to forsake him in that extremity. Having seen Grand-Pre laid to sleep, after dressing his wounds, he then had proper care taken of his own, none of which are found to be dangerous.

About noon, Grand-Pre having recovered his speech and memory, Betanford approaches his bed-side, when requiring all present to quit the room, he courteously salutes him, as he is a gentleman, to tell him, why he had called him into the field. "Ah! Baron, cried Grand-Pre, swear first to me, on your honor, that you will truly resolve one question."—"By my honor re-
plies

plies Betanford, I sincerely will."—Then Baron," added Grand-Pre, "did you ever injure me by being too familiar with my wife?" The Baron with many solemn oaths and protestations, clears both himself and Mermanda; and Grand-Pre thereupon begs his pardon, since he really believed the contrary, which alone was the cause of his challenge; adding, that for ever thenceforwards, he will esteem him as his most honorable friend, and while he lives will love his wife more than ever.—

Betanford, though little hurt himself, staid ten days with Grand-Pre; when, perceiving his wounds in a hopeful way of cure, they agree to depart. Grand-Pre thanked the Baron for his life, and all other civilities; and Betanford as courteously thanked him for restoring his sword, wherewith he preserved his own life; and so like dear friends they took leave of each other, the Baron mounting his horse for Paris, and frankly lending Grand-Pre his coach, to convey him home to Auxone.

Grand-Pre, at his return, tenderly caresses his wife, acquaints her with the occasion and event of his duel, condemns his own folly, and entreats her to forgive him once more, and vows there breathes not a nobler or more gallant gentleman than Baron Betanford.

But let us leave for a-while, Mermanda, to view the workings of Hautefelia's mind, whose malice will not let her rest, seeing her first purposes are thus frustrated. Her invention is now on the rack to find out some new method of satisfying her implacable hatred, and at length she determines to put a period at once to the charms and life of the innocent Mermanda, by bargaining with one Fresnay, a base and indigent Apothecary, for two hundred crowns to poison her, which villany

villany the wretch having undertaken, he accomplished in less than two months.

Grand-Pre was exceedingly grieved for the loss of his wife, as were her parents and relations; indeed, all who were acquainted with Mermanda, lamented her death, though no one suspected the cause of it,

[To be continued.]

STRICTURES on the MANNERS of the AGE,

From the CENTAUR.

[Concluded from page 619.]

BUT before I dismiss your friend Eusebius (though he has made you a very long visit), I must take notice of one particular more. These gentlemen pique themselves on their epitome of all virtue and religion, benevolence: if they had it, it would confute most I have said; and make them very happy; for it may stand as a general maxim, that men are happy in proportion to their good will; nor is it strange, that to the greatest duty, should, by nature, belong the greatest reward. But their title to this virtue is not clear. The reason they so loudly pretend to it, is, because, they know they have it not. The weakest side of a citadel is to be defended most. Eusebius, on his principles, must have universal good will. Self-love obliges him to it; and his own happy state of mind inclines him the same way; for all are most kind to others when most easy, and pleased with themselves. On their principles, that this world is all; or, at least, all they will concern themselves about; self-love obliges them

to

to the contrary: and their uneasiness in themselves seconds that obligation; so that you may as well expect to find an angel among the dissolute, as a friend. And, indeed, can any expect that they should love them, better than their own souls? Yet that would they do, if they cared for them at all.

But, instead of endeavouring to prove what needs no proof, I shall present you with the picture of one of these great lovers of mankind, if you will promise not to cut his throat; which picture better than a Demosthenes, will prove my point. You will know who I mean, when I tell you, that he is enamoured of the charms, and deep in the mysteries of play. That is, he is so fond of riches, that he is quite miserable if denied a daily chance of being stripped to beggary. Greater professions of friendship can no man make, than this arch promiser: greater proofs of the contrary can no man give. He never did a favor that proved barren to his own designs, but he sent a curse after it. All his kindnesses are artificial flies; if nothing is caught, they are pocketed again. "Hook him, or hang him," is a favorite maxim of his own coining. He smiles indeed, with great complacency on a crouded levee of devoted friends; with no less than on a hand of good cards. And his hope from both is just the same; that is, so to play them off, as to win his game. That done, if interest, or humour bids, he throws them aside as a foul pack, and calls for new; to shuffle, and cheat, and play tricks with, as before. He considers fools, as trumps, with which he is sure to win. If there are no fools to be taken in, he makes a pretty good hand of it with a knave of the right suit. If he is so unlucky as not to be blessed with either, he gives out, and, for that time, plays no more: for, without a good hand, a bad heart is insupportable. But prosperity soothes remorse, and lays conscience asleep. This is one who
knows

knows the world; which, generally means, one that knows not God. He never thought of that great, final stake, with regard to which, he, that honestly but desires it, is sure to win; and he that plays foul the most dexterously, is sure to be undone. Such is Avidienus, such is that good man, who, as freely as eat his meal, could lay down his life for his friend.

But, in excuse for such men, I must own, that for such as place their all here, there can be no shadow of social happiness but from deceiving, or being deceived. From deceiving, and so finding some account in their villany; or from being deceived, and so finding some account in their folly. For real friendship amongst them is impossible: and, indeed, to hope a friend in any man, that is not truly his own friend, is absurd. From this account, it is evident, that the chief fountain of happiness is dried up in their hearts.

A wretch, almost smothered with the reputed means of happiness, would of all objects be the most ridiculous, were it not the most melancholy too. Diogenes went about the city of Athens begging to the statues; being asked the reason, he said, he was learning to bear a repulse. These gentlemen should learn the same lesson: no statue can be deaser than most of their pursuits, when they ask real pleasure of them.

These are the men, who, while Providence lays the reins of free-will on their wanton necks, rush headlong into even unimportant temptations. But when it shall put its hook in their nose, and its bridle in their jaws; when it shall drag them into the condition of your unhappy friend; or worse, when the rattered, convulsed body shall be shaking out an unwilling soul, loath to leave it for a still worse habitation; then, oh! what a change! It places still before me the last hours

of

of that noble youth * mentioned above. Last hours full of anguish! how fit to be remembered by those that wish peace to their own. This is the funeral to which, in my first letter, I promised to invite your sister and her gay admirers. And what invitation more kind than that for which she may thank me for ever, when other entertainments end? If they have their wine, this has its nectar. Its cup of salvation, pressed from that Vine, whose leaves heal the nations, and whose swelling clusters teem with eternal bliss. Funeral solemnities are more for the sake of the living than the dead. What a trifle that honor they receive from them, to the benefit we may reap from that affecting scene!

Oh! Sir, how affecting! It is still before my eyes That wretched youth dies again! Again I am smitten with his death. It wounds me even in remembrance: what, then, the scene itself! no words can paint it; no time efface it; I meet it in my dreams; I shall bear it to my grave.

But to my point. The death-bed of a profligate is next in horror to that abyss, to which it leads. It has the most of hell that is visible on earth. And he that has seen it, has more than faith to confirm him in his creed. I see it now. For who can forget it? Are there in it no flames and furies?—You know not, then, what a scared imagination can figure; what a guilty heart can feel. How dismal is it! The two great enemies of soul and body, sickness, and sin, sink and confound his friends; silence and darken the shocking scene. Sickness excludes the light of heaven; and sin, its blessed hope. Oh! double darkness! more than Egyptian! acutely to be felt!

* See page 84.

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How

How unlike those illuminated revels of which he was the soul? Did this poor, pallid, scarce-animated mass dictate in the cabinet of pleasure; pronounce the fashion; and teach the gayest to be gay? Are these the trophies of his Paphian conquests? these the triumphs to be bought with heaven? Is this he who smote all their hearts with envy at his pre-eminence in guilt? See, how he lies a sad, deserted out-cast, on a narrow isthmus between time and eternity! for he is scarce alive. Lashed and over-whelmed on one side, by the sense of sin; on the other, by the dread of punishment! Beyond the reach of human help, and in despair of divine!

His dissipated fortune, impoverished babe, and murdered wife, lie heavy on him: the ghost of his murdered time (for now no more is left,) all stained with folly, and gashed with vice, haunts his distracted thought. Conscience which long had slept, awakes like a giant refreshed with wine; lays waste all his former thoughts, and desires; and, like a long deposed, now victorious prince, on his bleeding heart, imposes, inflicts its own. Its late soft whispers are thunder in his ears; and all means of grace rejected, exploded, ridiculed, is the bolt that strikes him dead. Dead, even to the thoughts of death, in deeper distress, despair of life is forgot. He lies a wretched wreck of man on the shore of eternity, and the next breath he draws, blows him off into ruin.

The greatest profligate is, at least, a momentary saint, at such a sight; for this is a sight which plucks off the mask of folly; strips her of her gay disguise, which glittered in the false lights of this world's mummery, and makes her appear to be folly to the greatest fool.

How think we then? Is not the death-bed of a profligate the most natural and powerful antidote for the poison of his example? Heals not the bruised scorpion the wound it gave? Intends not heaven, that struck with the terrors of such an exit, we should provide comfort for our own? Would not he who departs from it, continue adamant, as though one arose from the dead? For such a scene partly draws aside the curtain that divides time from futurity, and, in some measure, gives to sight that tremendous of which we only had the feeble report before.

Is not this then a prime school of wisdom? Are not they obliged that are invited to this? For what else should reclaim us? The pulpit? We are prejudiced against it. Besides, an agonizing profligate, though silent, out-preaches the most celebrated that the pulpit ever knew: but if he speaks, his words might instruct the best instructors of mankind. Mixt in the warm converse of life, we think with men, on a death-bed with God.

But there are two lessons of this school written, as it were, in capitals, which they that run may read. First, He that in this his minority, this school of discipline, this field of conflict, instead of grasping the weapons of his warfare, is for ever gathering flowers and catching at butterflies with his unarmed hand, ever making idle pleasures his pursuit, must pay for it his vast reversion; and, on opening his final account (of which a death-bed breaks the seal,) shall find himself a beggar, a beggar past beggary, and shall passionately wish that his very being were added to the rest of his loss.

Secondly, He shall find, that truth, Divine Truth, however through life injured, wounded, suppressed, is insuppressible

insuppressible, victorious, immortal. That though with mountains overwhelmed, it will, one day, burst out like the fires of *Ætna*, visible, bright, and tormenting as the most raging flame.

[To be continued.]

An Extract from an Account of the Pelew Islands, in the Pacific Ocean. By Captain Henry Wilson.

OUR people now opened a communication from one tent to the other, through which they might retreat, or join, in case of an attack, and they also settled the plan of defence within the barricade, and each man had his post assigned him. The reason of making these preparations was, the long stay the people made who were gone with the king to battle; they understood that they would be back in four or five days, and this was the ninth morning they had been absent. In the afternoon four other canoes were perceived making into the harbour: by the boatmen splashing their paddles, our people conceived the king was on board one of them; but to their great satisfaction they soon saw they were their countrymen returned.—They were welcomed with every testimony of joy; and it was no small pleasure to those left on the island, to see them all come back in health and spirits. They reported they had been very kindly treated since their departure, the natives behaving to them in the most friendly unreserved manner. The king's brother, *Raa Kook*, came back with them. The canoes brought great quantities of yams and cocoa-nuts, and the king had given each of the men who went on this expedition a basket of sweetmeats, and also sent some baskets to the Captain.

The

The following was the account our people gave of their expedition. Having departed the 17th, they went to one of the king's islands, about six leagues to the eastward of the cove, where they were received with great kindness, and treated with much hospitality. After remaining there all night, they set off the next morning for Pelew, the place of the king's residence, which was in an island about three or four miles distant: here they remained till the 21st, the king not being till then able to get together all his canoes; however, by day-light on the 21st, they mustered before the king's house with their arms which consisted of bamboo darts from five to eight feet long, pointed with the wood of the beetle-nut tree and bearded; these they use for close quarters, but they have short ones for distance.

The English embarked in five different canoes, and went away to the eastward about ten or twelve leagues, calling as they went along at several of the king's villages to refresh and reinforce; at half an hour past two in the afternoon, they got in sight of the enemy. The king had with him now a fleet of one hundred and fifty canoes, on board of which were considerably above one thousand men. Of the enemy's force our people could form no certainty. Before the action Raa Kook went into his canoe close to the town, and spoke to the enemy for some time, having Thomas Dulton in the boat with him, who had directions not to fire, till such time as the signal agreed on should be given him. What the General said, being received by the enemy with great indifference, Raa Kook threw a spear at them, which they almost immediately returned: this being the signal for firing, was instantly obeyed; a man was seen to fall directly, and this threw the enemy into great confusion. Such as were on shore ran away, and the greater part of those in the canoes jumped into the water and made for land; a few more musquets were

were fired, which dispersed the enemy entirely: and our friends seemed perfectly satisfied with their putting them to flight, and in this mark of victory! but made no other use of it than to land, strip some cocoa-nut trees of their fruit, and carry off some yams and other provision.

After this fight, or more properly this attack, the fleet returned homeward, the king being highly pleased with his triumph. They stopped at several places in the way, where women brought out sweet liquor for the people to drink; and it being too far to get home that night, the fleet dispersed up several creeks, about eight o'clock in the evening, where they slept. The next morning feasts were prepared in all the neighbouring houses, and at three in the afternoon the people re-embarked, and set off for Pelew, where they arrived safe about seven the same evening.——Here also they found the women ready to receive them, with cocoa-nut shells filled with sweet liquor. On landing, the English fired a volley, and gave three cheers, with which the king appeared greatly pleased. Here our people slept, and were told that they must stay and set off for their island the day succeeding. There was nothing but rejoicing and festivity in the town the next morning, and the rest of the day was passed with hilarity, and celebrated with songs and dances.

Raa Kook informed Captain Wilson the preceding night, that his brother, Abba Thulle, had given to him, for the English, the island he was then on, the name of which they had not heard before, but now learnt it was called Oroolong; after breakfast, Captain Wilson, in testimony of the king's donation, hoisted the British pendant, and fired three vollies of small arms, in token of their taking possession of it for the English.

This

This afternoon, after seeing one of the frame timbers up, the Captain went round his new island in the jolly-boat, in order to observe its shores, and its external appearance. He found the south side of it almost a perpendicular rock, covered with wood, among which he observes abundance of the cabbage-tree, but growing in places inaccessible from the water. The west side had a fair sandy beach, and some level ground between the sea and the hills. It was here where the well was, whence our people brought their water; and many traces of ancient plantations were found, sufficient to demonstrate that the island had formerly been inhabited. The northern part is a steep rock covered with trees. As the boat rowed along its side they had often breezes from it, wafting a most sweet and agreeable smell.

August 27. The morning being fine, the jolly-boat was dispatched to the watering place to fetch some timber for futtocks, and to haul the seine; but no fish could be caught. Some hands were sent to try to procure some cabbages, in which they succeeded; they were dressed for supper, and found to be very good. Some of our people, who had been cutting timber at the watering-place, instead of coming back in the jolly-boat with their companions, chose to return home over land, and the evening being far advanced, they narrowly escaped with their lives. The jolly-boat returning to the tents when it was dark, brought an account, that these men (who intended to come over land) had set out some time before the boat; and it being then late, and no tidings of them, much uneasiness was entertained on their account. People were immediately sent out with lanterns to go in quest of them, who, as they went on, every now and then halloed. The voices being heard, and known, the benighted travellers very prudently halted till the lights they had discovered

discovered at a distance came up with them; and most fortunate it was that they did so, for when their shipmates arrived they found them on the edge of a dreadful precipice, where, had they advanced a few steps further, they must inevitably have plunged to the bottom.

Mr. Benger now coming back from Pelew, said their houses were tolerably good, with plantations of yams and cocoa-nuts about them; that the soil appeared to be rich and fertile; that they have neither corn or cattle of any kind, nor did he see much fruit or produce of any great use or value.—The China-man also added, “that this have very poor place, and very poor people; no got cloaths, no got rice, no got hog, no got nothing, only yam, little fish, and cocoa-nut; no got nothing make trade, very little make eat.” This fellow’s description, which I have given in his own words, sufficiently shewed that he viewed mankind with the eye of a Dutchman, only calculating what was to be got from them. The mind of a speculative reader is far otherwise engaged. He, in the dispersed families of the world, traces the hand of Providence guiding all things with unerring wisdom. He marks it balancing with equal scale its blessings to the children of men; and considers human nature, however unadorned, when dignified by virtuous simplicity, as one of the noblest objects of contemplation.

August 30th. In the afternoon Mr. Cummin was sent in the jolly-boat, to try for the passage through the reef which was thought to have been discovered the day before from the look-out above the tents. Captain Wilson took up some men, and cleared still more the spot intended for an observatory. The jolly-boat returned, after having been without the reef through a narrow passage, in which they found at low-water three

feet

feet and a half of water, and, as it rose eight or nine feet upon a spring tide, it was judged there must be at these times twelve feet of water, which would be almost double the draft of the schooner when finished.

August 31. The Captain having fixed this day for going to see the king at Pelew, as soon as all had breakfasted, he read prayers in the tent; Raa Kook, with such of the natives as were waiting to accompany him, attended divine service, and were most exceedingly attentive, following exactly what they saw our people did, in rising or kneeling, except that instead of kneeling they would squat down on their hams. After prayers were ended, Captain Wilson took leave of his people, taking with him Mr. Sharp, Mr. Devis, and his son Mr. Henry Wilson: they went in the jolly-boat; the General accompanying him in his canoe. They left the tents about eight o'clock in the morning. At noon, as they approached the little island which lies about three or four miles off Pelew, they observed Raa Kook's canoe, paddling away at a great rate to get a-head of them: he just stepped on shore at a little town situated by the water edge, and soon returned to meet them, directing their course to the leeward of the island, where they were met by another canoe, laden with yams, cocoa-nuts, and sweet-meats, to refresh them on their passage. This explained immediately the reason of the General's quitting them so suddenly, which they now perceived was merely to indulge his hospitable disposition, and from his anxiety lest our people should be fatigued for want of refreshment. Every one partook of this entertainment, and then proceeded; and reached the island of Pelew about one o'clock in the afternoon.

[To be continued.]

A Letter from a person who was an eye-witness of the Death of the Rev. M. ROCHETTE, and the three Noblemen who were executed with him at Thoulouse, the 19th of February 1762, for professing the Protestant Religion.

THE day before yesterday the prisoners were tried by the two chambers of the parliament of Thoulouse. All the four behaved with invincible constancy, attended with a cheerfulness and serenity, that was adapted to excite the highest admiration. As soon as they heard their sentence read, they beheld each other steadfastly, and said, "Let us then die, since things are so! and let us pray to God to accept the sacrifice that we are now to make of our lives to Him, and to the Truth." Upon which Mr. Rochette prayed aloud in a most moving manner. They then embraced two of their companions, who were condemned to the galleys, and congratulated tenderly another of them who had been set at liberty. Monsieur Billet, one of the Secretaries, who was present at this first scene, never speaks of it without shedding tears. The martyrs were next committed to the care of the four principal Curates, to attempt their conversion. But the exhortation of these ecclesiastics produced as little effect as those of the Abbe Coutezac, who had been in prison every day for three months, and had been empowered by the magistrates to offer them their lives and their liberty, on condition of their embracing the Romish religion.

Being delivered, from the importunity of these priests, they employed those precious moments in prayer and praises to the God who enabled them to behold death without terror, and encouraged each other to persevere unto the end. So calm was the state of their minds, that they did not shed a single tear. But this was

was not the case with the spectators. While these good men thanked the sentinels and keepers of the prison for the kind treatment they had received from them, and asked their pardon if they had given them any offence the latter burst into tears. The minister perceiving one of the soldiers weeping more bitterly than the rest, addressed himself to him thus : " My good friend, are you not willing to die for your king? why then do you pity me, who am going to death for the cause of God ?

The priests returned to their importunities about one o'clock in the afternoon, and were intreated to retire ; but to no purpose. One of them said, " It is from a concern about your salvation that we come here ; " upon which the youngest of the three brothers replied : " If you were at Geneva, at the point of death in consequence of a mortal disease (for there nobody is put to death on account of religion) would you chose to be teased and importuned in your last moments by four or five Protestant Ministers under pretence of zeal ? Do therefore as you would be done by." About two o'clock they were led out of prison, placed in a waggon, with the four Curates, and conducted to the gate of the Cathedral. Here the minister was desired to step out of the waggon, and to ask pardon, on his knees, of God, the king, and the law, in that he had uniformly persevered in performing the functions of his ministry in opposition to the Royal edicts : this he refused to do. He was told this was no more than a formality, to which he answered. That he neither would acknowledge nor submit to any formality that was contrary to the dictates of his conscience. At length, however, being obliged by force, to leave the waggon, he fell upon his knees, and expressed himself thus : " I humbly ask of Almighty God the pardon of all my sins, in the full persuasion of obtaining the remission of them through the blood of Christ. With respect to the King, I have no
pardon

pardon to ask of him, having never offended him; I always loved him as the father of my country; I have always been to him a good and faithful subject, and of this my judges themselves have appeared to be fully convinced. I always recommended to my flock patience, obedience and submission, and my sermons have always been confined to the two great objects contained in these words of holy writ, fear God and honour the king. If I have acted in opposition to the laws, that prohibited our religious assemblies, I did this in obedience to the laws of Him, who is the King of kings. With respect to public justice, I have nothing to say but this, that I never offended it, and I most earnestly pray that God will vouchsafe to pardon my judges." No such acknowledgment was required of the three noblemen who suffered with him, as by the laws of France it is never demanded of such as are beheaded. They were however, conducted with Monsieur Rochette to the place of execution. The ordinary place of execution was not chosen, but one much less spacious, that this glorious instance might have the fewer spectators. All the streets which led to it were lined with soldiers, on account of the pretended apprehensions of a revolt. But this they could only fear from the Roman Catholics: for the small number of Protestant families that live in this city, filled with consternation at this unrighteous sentence, had shut themselves up in their houses, where they were wholly employed in sending up their prayers and lamentations to heaven. In the streets, which led to the place of execution, the windows were hired at very high prices: wherever they passed, they were accompanied with the tears and lamentations of the spectators. One would have thought, by the expressions of sorrow that appeared every where, that Thoulouse was, all of a sudden, become a protestant city. The curate of Faur could not bear this affecting spectacle. Yielding to the power of sympathy

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(and perhaps of conscience) he fainted away, and one of his vicars was sent for to supply his place. The circumstance that was most affecting, was the inexpressible serenity that appeared in the countenance of the young clergyman as he went on to his death. His graceful mein, the resignation and fortitude that reigned in his expressions, his blooming youth, every thing, in short, in his conduct, character and appearance, interested all ranks of people in his favor. He might have saved his life by an untruth, but refused to hold it at so dear a rate; for as being a minister was his only crime, and as there was no complaints made against him, no advertisements describing his person, nor any witnesses to prove his character, he had only to deny his profession. He was the first of the four that was executed; and in the face of death he exhorted his companions to perseverance, and sung those sublime verses of the 118th Psalm, This is the day which the Lord hath made, we will be glad, &c. When the executioner, among others, conjured him to die a Roman Catholic, the minister answered him in this gentle manner: "Judge, friend, which of the two is the best religion, that which persecutes, or that which is persecuted." He added, that his grand-father, and one of his uncles, had died for the pure religion of the gospel, and that he would be the third martyr of his family. Two of the three gentlemen, that suffered with him, beheld him tied to the gibbet, with an amazing intrepidity: but the third covered his eyes with his hand. The Commissioners of the parliament, and the deputies of the other courts of justice, discovered by their pensive looks and downcast eyes, how deeply they were affected. The three brothers embraced each other tenderly, and recommended mutually their departing souls to the Father of Spirits. Their heads were struck off at three blows. When the scene was finished, the spectators returned to their respective homes, in a solemn

lemn silence, reflecting on the fate of innocence and virtue, and scarcely able to persuade themselves, that the world could present such a spectacle of magnanimity, as they had been just beholding.

ON VIRTUE.

THOU must do, said Omar, that which is right. Let not thy foot be drawn away by any allurement, nor driven by any terror from the path of Virtue. While thou art there, thou art in safety. And though the world should unite against thee, by the united world thou canst not be hurt.

But what friendly power, said Hamet, shall guard even the path of Virtue from grief and pain? from the silent shafts of disappointed love, or the sounding scourge of outrageous jealousy? These, surely, have overtaken the foot of perseverance: and by these, though I should persevere, may my feet be overtaken.

What thou sayest, replied Omar, is true: and it is true, that the tempest that roots up the forest, is driven with unabated rage; but from the mountain what can it take more than the vegetable dust, which the hand of nature has scattered upon the moss that covers it? As the dust is to the mountain, so is all that the storms of life can take from Virtue, to the sum of good, which the Omnipotent hath appointed for its reward. If heaven should vanish like a vapour, and this firm orb of earth crumble into dust, the virtuous mind would stand unmoved amidst the ruins of nature; for He who has appointed the heavens and the earth to fail, has said to Virtue, fear not; for thou canst neither perish, nor be wretched. Call up thy strength, therefore, to
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the fight, in which thou art sure of conquest. Do thou only that which is right, and leave the event to Heaven.

An Extract from JOHNSON's Prince of Abyssinia.

WHEN we act according to our duty, we commit the event to him, by whose laws our actions are governed, and who will not suffer us to be finally punished for obedience. When in prospect of some good, whether natural or moral, we break the rules prescribed us, we withdraw from the protection of superior wisdom, and take all the consequences on ourselves. Man cannot so far see the connection of causes, and events, as that he may venture, to do wrong, in order to do right. When we pursue our end by lawful means, we may always console our miscarriage, by the hope of future recompence. When we consult only our own policy, and attempt to find a nearer way to good, by overleaping the sacred boundaries of right, and wrong, we cannot be happy even by success; because we cannot escape the consciousness of our fault; but if we miscarry, the disappointment is irremediably embittered. How comfortless is the sorrow of him, who at once feels the pangs of guilt, and the vexation of calamity which guilt has brought upon him!

*Thoughts on the Influence of SOLITUDE upon the Heart,
By M. ZIMMERMANN.*

[Continued from page 628.]

A WIDE and magnificent amphitheatre, which no artist has yet ventured to paint except in detached

ed scenes, opens itself from the east to the south. The view towards the higher part of the lake, which on this side is four leagues long, presents to the eye points of land, distant islands, the little town of Raperswil built on the side of a hill, the bridge of which extends itself from one side of the lake to the other. Beyond the town, the inexhaustible valley rises in a half-circle to the sight. Upon the first ground-plot is a peak of land, with hills about a half a league from each other; and behind these rise a range of mountains, covered with trees and verdure, and interspersed with villages and detached houses. In the back ground are discovered the fertile and majestic Alps, twisted one among the other, and exhibiting alternate shadows of the lightest and darkest azure. Behind these Alps, rocks, covered with eternal snows, rear their heads to the clouds. Towards the south, the opening of the amphitheatre is continued by a new chain of mountains. A scene thus enriched always appears new, romantic, and incomparable.

The mountains extend themselves from the south to the west: the village of Richterswyi is situated at their feet upon the banks of the Lake: deep forests of firs cover the summit, and the middle is filled with fruit trees, interspersed with rich fallows and fertile pastures, among which, at certain distances, a few houses are scattered. The village itself is neat, the streets are paved, and the houses, built of stone, are painted on the outsides. Around the village are walks formed on the banks of the lake; or cut through shady forests to the hills: and on every side scenes, beautiful or sublime, strike the eye while they ravish the heart of the admiring traveller. He stops, and contemplates with eager joy these accumulated beauties; his bosom swells with excess of pleasure; and his breath continues for a time suspended, as if fearful of interrupting the fullness of his delight. Every acre of this charming country is in the

the highest degree of cultivation and improvement. No part of it is suffered to lie untilled; every hand is at work and men, women, and children, from infancy to age, are all usefully employed.

The two houses of the physician are each of them surrounded by a garden; and, although situated in the middle of the village, are as rural and sequestered as if they had been built in the heart of the country. Through the gardens, and in view of the chamber of my dear friend, flows a limpid stream, on the opposite side of which is the great road, where, during a succession of ages, a crowd of pilgrims have almost daily passed in their way to the convent of the hermitage. From these houses and gardens, at about the distance of a league, you behold, towards the south, the majestic Ezeberg rear its head: black forests conceal its tops: while below, on the declivity of the hill, hangs a village with a beautiful church, on the steeple of which the sun suspends its departing rays every evening before his course is finished. In the front is the lake of Zurich, whose unruffled waters are secured from the violence of tempests, and whose transparent surface reflects the beauties of its delightful banks.

During the silence of night, if you repair to the chamber-window, or indulge in a lonely walk thro' the gardens, to taste the refreshing scents which exhale from the surrounding flowers, while the moon, rising above the mountains, reflects on the expanse of the lake a broad beam of light; you hear, during this awful sleep of nature, the sound of the village-clocks echoing from the opposite shores; and on the Richterswyl side the shrill proclamations of the watchmen, blended with the barkings of the faithful dog. At a distance, you hear the little boats softly gliding down the stream, dividing the water with their oars; you perceive them

cross the moon's translucent beam, and play among the sparkling waves. On viewing the lake of Geneva, in its full extent, the majesty of such a sublime picture strikes the spectator dumb; he thinks that he has discovered the chef d'œuvre of creation; but here, near the lake of Zurich at Richterswyl, the objects, being upon a small scale, are more soft, agreeable, and touching.

Riches and luxury are no where to be seen in the habitation of this philanthropist. You are there seated upon matted chairs. He writes upon tables worked from the wood of the country; and he and his friends eat on earthen plates. Neatness and convenience reign throughout.—Large collections of drawings, paintings, and engravings, are his sole expence. The first beams of Aurora light the little chamber where this philosophic sage sleeps in peaceful repose, and opens his eyes to every new day. Rising from his bed, he is saluted by the cooings of the turtle doves, and morning song of birds who sleep with him in an adjoining chamber.

The first hour of the morning, and the last at night, are sacred to himself; but he devotes all the intermediate hours of the day to the assistance of a diseased and afflicted multitude, who daily attend him for advice and assistance. The benevolent exercise of his profession engrosses every moment of his life, but it also constitutes his happiness and joy. All the inhabitants of the mountains of Switzerland, as well as of the vallies of the Alps, resort to his house, and vainly seek for language to express the grateful feelings of their hearts. They are persuaded that the Doctor sees and knows every thing; they answer his questions with frankness and fidelity; they listen to his words, treasure up his advice like grains of gold, and leave him with more regret, consolation, hope, and virtuous resolution, than they quit their confessors at

at the hermitage. After a day spent in this manner, can it be imagined that any thing is wanting to complete the happiness of this friend of mankind? Yes; when a simple and ingenuous female, who had trembled with fear for the safety of her beloved husband, enters his chamber, and seizing him fondly by the hand, exclaims, "My husband, Sir, was very ill when first I came to you? but in the space of two days he quite recovered. Oh, my dear Sir, I am under the greatest obligations to you." This philanthropic character feels that which ought to fill the bosom of a monarch in the moment when he confers happiness on his people.

Of this description is the country of Swisserland, where Doctor Hotze, the ablest physician of the present age, resides: a physician and philosopher, whose pervading genius, profound judgment, and great experience, have placed him with Tissot Hixzel, the dearest friends of my heart. It is in this manner he passes the hours of life; all uniform, and all of them happy: he reserves, indeed, only two hours of each day to himself, and devotes the rest to the relief of the unfortunate, who daily visit him in this celestial region.

[To be continued.]

OF FRIENDSHIP.

OUT of your acquaintance choose familiars, and out of those pick friends. But let me advise you, never make a coward your friend, or a drunkard your Privy-counsellor; for the one upon the approach of the least danger will desert you; and the other will discover all your secrets; both are dangerous to human society.

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A real friend is your very self, and so treat him: do but think him faithful, and you make him so. Friendship is a sacred thing, and deserves our tenderest acknowledgments.

A friend is a great comfort in solitude, an excellent assistance in business, and the best protection against injuries. He is a counsellor in difficulties, a confessor in all scruples, and a sanctuary in distress.

Amongst all human enjoyments, nothing is so rare, so valuable, and so necessary as a true friend.

In the kindness of my friend, I sweeten the adversities of my life; by his cares I lessen my own, and repose under his friendship. When I see any good befall him, I rejoice, and thereby increase my own happiness. My friend is a counterpart of myself.

It is a great satisfaction to me to see my friend pleased, but it is much more to make him so.

A friend, like a good mirror, will best discover to you your own defects.

Phocian told Antipater, "You are deceived, Sir, if you would have me your friend, and expect I should play the flatterer."

It is better to decide a difference betwixt our enemies than our friends; for one of the friends will certainly become an enemy, one of the enemies a friend.

If you cannot make a great man your friend, let it suffice to keep him from being your enemy. To fix yourself in the favor of a great person, except he be virtuous,

virtuous, is like the mouse that built her nest in the cat's ear.

Never seek for a friend in a palace, or try him at a feast.

Next to my friend I love my enemies, for from them I first hear of my faults.

Go slowly to the feast of friends; but make haste to them in their misfortunes.

Love is built upon the union of minds, not the bribery of gifts; and the more you give, the fewer friends you will have.

Be slow to choose a friend, and slower to change him. Courteous to all, intimate with few. Scorn no man for his meanness, nor humour any for their wealth.

Prosperity is no just scale: adversity is the only balance to weigh friends in. Friendship multiplies joys, and divides griefs.

Many times when I have heard that my friend was dead, how have I drowned my eyes in tears! And I could as passionately have wept over his urn, as the Grecian matron did for her mother; but then I considered, it was more kindness in me than prudence; for I might as reasonably have wept that my friend was born no sooner, as that he should live no longer.

"All that we know of what is done above

"By blessed souls, is that they sing and love."

There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.
This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend!

POETICAL

670 MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL MAGAZINE,
POETICAL EFFUSIONS.

B E D L A M.

[Concluded from page 640.]

AND once, his soul inflam'd with patriot zeal,
A scheme he finish'd for his country's weal.
This, in a private conference made known,
A statesman stole, and us'd it as his own,
And then, O baseness! the deceit to blind,
Our poor projector in this goal confin'd.

The muse forbids to visit ev'ry cell,
Each form, each object of distress to tell;
To shew the fopling, curious in his dress,
Gayly trick'd out in gaudy raggedness:
The Poet ever wrapt in glorious dreams
Of pagan gods, and Heleconian streams:
The wild enthusiast, that despairing sees
Predestin'd wrath, and heaven's severe decrees:
Through these, through more sad scenes, she grieves
to go,

And paint the whole variety of woe.

Mean time, on these reflect with kind concern,
And hence this just, this useful lesson learn:
If strong desires thy reas'ning pow'rs control;
If arbitrary passions sway thy soul;
If pride, if envy, if the lust of gain,
If wild ambition in thy bosom reign,
Alas! thou vaunt'st thy sober sense in vain:
In these poor Bedlamites thyself survey,
Thyself less innocently mad than they.

A FATHER to his SON: sent with his Nursing-Chair.

ACCEPT, dear Jem, this humble chair,
As earnest of thy father's care;
Who

Who toils to see his boy supply'd
With whatsoe'er he wants beside.

May each disease the learned name,
That shakes the little infant's frame,
Far from this chair, my dear one fly,
Far as the centre from the sky ;
Far as from peace the haughty breast,
Far as the troubl'd sea from rest ;
Far as from indolence the bee,
Far as my heart from slighting thee !

May nothing vex thy little mind !
May to thy wish thy nurse be kind,
Fondly thy infant wants supply,
And watch thee with a mother's eye.

No hours of anguish may'st thou see !
May health and joy play round thy knee,
And chearful smiles for ever grace
The manly beauties of thy face ;
Till time has ripen'd thee to man,
And wasted is thy father's span.

Then to my age may'st thou repay
The cares I shew'd thy op'ning day !
May thy strong arms support thy fire
When feebly tott'ring round the fire :
Then place him in his wicker chair,
And guard him as he slumbers there,
Till nature no more life supplies,
And weeping thou shalt close his eyes !

DEATH and ETERNITY.

MY thoughts, that often mount the skies,
Go, search the world beneath,
Where nature all in ruin lies,
And owns her sov'reign, death.

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The tyrant how he triumphs here !

His trophies spread around !

And heaps of dust and bones appear,
Through all the hollow ground.

These skulls, what ghastly figures now !

How loathsome to the eyes !

These are the heads we lately knew,
So beauteous, and so wise.

But where the souls, those deathless things,
That left this dying clay ?

My thoughts, now stretch out all your wings,
And trace Eternity.

O that unfathomable fen !

Those deeps without a shore !

Where living waters gently play,
Or fiery billows roar !

Thus must we leave the banks of life,
And try this doubtful sea ;

Vain are our groans, and dying strife
To gain a moment's stay.

There we shall swim in heav'nly bliss,

Or sink in flaming waves ;

While the pale carcase thoughtless lies,
Among the silent graves.

Some hearty friend shall drop his tear,
On our dry bones and say,

" These once were strong, as mine appear,
" And mine must be as they.

" Thus shall our mould'ring spirits teach

" What now our senses learn :

" For dust and ashes loudest preach

" Man's infinite concern."